fear that events were conspiring to widen the breach between myself and the Brisbanes focussed my interest on them. There was that easterly wind blowing again. Was I, too, growing superstitious? I turned over all the papers. The news was the same in all, but there was not an editorial para-graph of comment in any of the sheets, which indeed teemed with all the details of active commercial, political and social life.

I went down town after eating my breakfast, and found that the intelligence had not awakened any public attention that was observable. The two or three persons to whom I spoke with regard to it treated it as one of

the passing sensations of the hour, that would be explained sooner or later. It was not till the evening papers of the 27th came out that the matter began to be discussed. The dispatches in these papers were of a nature to arouse widespread anxiety. It was very obvious from their construction and import that the feeling west of the Mississippi was more intense than had up to this time been suspected. The columns of the papers were filled with brief but startling telegrams from various points. Den-ver, El Paso, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, St. Paul, St. Louis and Chicago sent anxious sentences which had a thrill of trepidation in their broken phrases. And it was easy to see that this feeling of deep concern increased with each dispatch from a point further West.

A special from Chicago stated that com-

munication ceased at Yuma at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The last train from the West went through at that hour and reported that it was delayed an hour on running from Los Angeles to Yuma by the pressure of the easterly wind. This train had reached El Paso, where the ac-counts of the wind were given by the engineer, conductor and passengers. All en-deavors to get an answer to dispatches from

Yuma were failures.
Telegrams sent to St. Louis, Chicago and St. Paul represented the condition of anxiety in Ogden and Pocatello to be bordering on excitement. Fears were en-tertained, the dispatches said, of a "metero-logical cataelysm," and thousands who had friends either on the coast or in transitu were besieging the telegraph offices in vain. The hurried comments of the evening papers on the news were singularly unisfactory and non commital unprecedented storm that is now raging on the Pacific slope," I read, "and which has temporarily cut off communication with the far West will by its magnitude fill the country with the most serious apprehensions." "The earli-est news from California, which shall give us the details of the storm," said another paper, "will be looked for with eagerness, and will be promptly and fully furnished

As curious as anybody could be to know what kind of a storm it was that had stopped railroad travel from Idako to Mexico, and remarking with surprise that the signal office utterly refused to recognize a great storm anywhere, I dismissed the subject from my mind with the reflection that there would in all probability be explana-tory news in the morning, and resolved to make my usual visit to the Brisbane family. To my surprise, Kate received me cor dially, and with no other allusion to the unpleasantness of the night before than a de-mure remark that she was afraid she had of-

nded me.
"Let us not refer to it at all," I said, "and thus avoid making idiots of ourselves."
"I am glad you came to-night," she remarked, after a moment's silence, "for I wanted to tell you of the change we are going to make." A little pang darted through me. It was

said so seriously. "What is it, my dear?" I asked, trying to be as affectionate as if the onditions had not changed.
"My father and I have determined to go to Europe." 'To Europe!" I repeated aghast, "You

surely do not mean it.' 'Yes," resolutely. He wanted to consult you about it, but was afraid you would disagree with his plans."
"And when did he make up his mind to take this sudden move?"

"And you intend to go with him?"

"Yes, and I was going to ask you to go,

too."
"When do you propose to go?" "Immediately."

It was evident to my mind now that this

old man was a panic stricken monomaniac and had infected his daughter with his fears.
"Kate," I said, as I took her by her bands

and pulled her to the sofa besside me. You are running away from something—it is not from me, is it?" "I want you to go with us," she "But you knew when you asked me that

I could not go so suddenly. You expected me to refuse!"
"No," she said, "I expect you to consent."

"Be careful, on a moment of bravado I may take you at your word, at any cost."

She caught hold of me. "Do," she said, tremulously, and I felt a little shiver in her hand. "Do, do!"

I got up impulsively and walked up and

I got up impuisively and walked up and down the room. Here was something that required an instant judgment. I could not help feeling that if I let her go I would never see her again. Perhaps her father was trying to get her away from me. Nonsense, her father had frightened her with the big storm and she really wanted me to go with them. That being the case the olitic course for me was to temporize. In a day or two the sensation about the big storm would be over, and then the old gentleman would get over his runaway fright. All this passed quickly through my mind,

not very clearly perhaps, but compactly.
"I would rather go with you than lose you," I said at a hazard, and if you are determined to go, I believe I will accompany you, if your father will consent."
"We are determined," she calmly re-

"But I must put my affairs in order," I

suggested. "How many hours will it take you?" "Hours," I repeated. "You would not like to start to-night, surely."
"Yes," she answered, "I would gladly start to-night."

start to-night."
My patience was giving way very fast at
this imperturbable obduracy. "Perhaps,"
I said, "you will give me some adequate
reason for a haste that I cannot compre-

She did not answer. She was listening with her head averted, and she held up he hand for me to listen also, as if that were

her answer. Then there came through the open window the hoarse cry of a distant newsboy who was bellowing an "extra." There was something weird in her attitude and action connecting as they did her motives with that discordant, ominous cry.
"It's an extra," I said, as unconcernedly

"It's an extra, I said, as inconcernedly as possible. "Ill get a copy. There may be some good news for you," and I made a move toward the window.

"Don't," she said quietly. "We were talking about going to Europe. Pa is not familiar with the business of securing

familiar with the business of securing passages and you are. You could relieve him of a great deal of worry, and if you

would go with us—"
"Kate," I said, "do you want me to go?"
"Yes, I do," she replied." "I do not want
to leave you here."
"Then," I said, "I will go. I will see

your father in the morning and tell him that I will attend to the whole business of securing passages. I will set about arranging my sflairs at once."

She then let me plague her a little about her timidity, and after a half hour of play-

ful bandinage on my part, I came away with a parting promise on my lips to lose no delay in making the arrangements for our departure.
Such, however, was not my intention. I felt sure that the Judge and his daughter would change their minds if I could only manage to delay matters a few days. To go running off to Europe at a moment's notice

would be utter folly for me.

As I left the house I heard the voices of the newsboys in various keys still calling the extras. I bought a paper and read it under the gas light of the church on Twen-

dition, but up to 9 o'cleck there has been no tieth street. A "displayed" headline announced; "As silent as the grave; nothing heard from the Pacific. Great excitement in Chicago and St. Louis." I must have stood there ten minutes poring over the strange news. An expedition in a special train had been sent west from Yuma day with railroad men and doctors. It had left at 3 P. M. The train reached Mesquite left at 3 P. M. The train reached Mesquite in less than an hour, and word was sent back from the station: "All right here, track clear, will reach the springs at 9 P. M. A dispatch from Yuma sent at 10 o'clock and received at St. Louis said "Nothing further heard from the special." News from Chicago, where the special. News from Chicago, where the excitement appeared to be momentarily growing, reflected intelligence from Denver, St. Paul and Kansas City, and it was vain to ignore the fact that the entire West was in an alarming condition of anxiety. A special train was fitting out at Cheyenne under Government orders to start in the morning with a corps of signal service men, army officers and electricians. It was to go provided with every scientific appliance, and to carry an insulated cable to be paid

and to carry an insulated cable to be paid out from the car. The accounts said that the people were all on the streets in Cheyenne, and an enormous mob surrounded the sta-tion, where the preparations were making. For the first time I felt, as I threw the paper away, what I can only call a sense of misgiving. As I walked up the deserted avenue this feeling grew upon me, and when I reached Twenty-third street on my way to I reached Twenty-third street on my way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel a sudden and entirely new reflection made me stop uncon-sciously as I turned it over in my mind.

sciously as I turned it over in my mind.

"If this strange news has affected Judge Brisbane and his daughter so seriously, why may it not be affecting millions of other people similarly? If there is at this moment a panic in the West, how long will it take the reflex wave to reach New York?"

I asked myself these questions in a dazed and wondering way as I stood there in the middle of the sidewalk. But I could make no answer to them, and presently I set out for the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was nearly midnight when I reached it. There were a few groups in the certifier, and three or four late guests registering at the desk. Everything was moving in the regular rut. There was a small party of theater-goers in the great barroom. I listened. They were in a discussion over the relative ments of two popular actresses.

merits of two popular actresses.

I met a belated friend. He was hurrying out of the hotel. I stopped him. "Any later news?"

I asked.

"About what?"

"From the West."

"No market in the West," he said. "There was a slump in St. Paul. Been buying?"

"Nonsense; there are extras out with news from Cheyenne."

"Nonseuse: there are extras out with news from Cheyenne."

"Is there?" he said, unconcernedly. "You'll excuse me, won't you, I left a girl round at the theater," and he slipped away.

I went through Twenty-sixth street and looked in at Delmonico's windows. The place was full of late supper parties. They were enjoying themselves, and I could hear the clink of glasses mingling with the burz of conversation as I passed.

The next morning events, or at least the publication of them, had reached that condition which arrests public attention everywhere. The news from the West swamped all cles in the morning journals. The editors by their work now acknowledged that the mysterious sileuce on the Pacific slope was by far the most important subject for consideration before the world. The moment I glanced at the sheeta I saw that there was but one theme in the journalistic mind.

saw that there was but one theme in the journalistic mind.

Two days had passed and the silence was unbroken. Never before in the history of the
world had the absence of news become such
important news. Public attention was now
mainly centered on the attempt to get a train
of observation through from Cheyenne.

On the night of the 28th I avoided the Brisbane establishment, although my desires drew
me in that direction. I resolved to wait until
the morrow, if nothing happened to change the
determination of the Judge to go to Europe, to
then make my arrangements to go with him the morrow, it nothing happened to change the determination of the Judge to go to Europe, to then make my arrangements to go with him and Kate. That night there was a visible change in the metropolis. The theaters were deserted, men and women were congregated at the corners and were talking in the roadways—a sure indication in a great city of some popular disturbance. The builletins and news centers were crowded, and the mystery of the great silence was being discussed by everybody. One thing struck everybody with a vague terror, and it was the accounts of the strange wind that was now blowing at Cheyenne and Denver. One special correspondent at Cheyenne said "that it seemed to him that the atmosphere of the earth, influenced by some incomprehensible suction, was all rushing to an unseen vortex." It was not in any sense a disturbance of the atmosphere that we usually call a wind, but a steady, silent draught. And the spectacle of trees bent over and held all day by the pressure, but unfuttered and unrelieved by fluctuant variations, filled them with wonder and dread.

west from Cheyenne and passed through Pocatello withoutinterruption. Then followed the dispatches received from it at Cheyenne as it passed the stations beyond Pocatello. They were in this order and to this effect:

MICHANO, 10 A. M. All right. Instruments working well. Track clear. Inhabitants appear to be moving east. No melligence of a defilie character ob-tained. Shoshone 108 miles west. Expect to

BANNOCK, 2:20 P. M. Conditions unchanged. Passed moving set-tlers all the way. They are going east with chattels. Wind from the east has the pressure without the violence of a gale. Party in good

stupendous mystery that is now enveloping a part of our continent. It is only imperative upon us as brave agents in the dispensing of truth to say with all the candor that we can summon that the effort of the Government to open communication with the vast region west of what must now be known as the Meridian of Silence, has dismally failed, and it is the conviction of the maturest judgment, based upon all the facts of the attempt that are obtainable, that it failed because the explorers themselves ceased to exist when they had passed a certain pretty well defined line which we know extends north and south from Helena in Montana to Yuma on the borders of Mexico. The hypothesis of Prof. Winchell which we publish in another column and which bears all the marks of that distinguished savant's cool judgment and vast knowledge, will, we sadly acknowledge, weigh very little with an excited community this morning. His theory is that a seismic eruption in Oregon or Utah might easily throw into the lower stratum of the atmosphere such vast quantities of carbonic acid gas or sulphuretted hydrogen as would be fatai to life over a vast district and this district would remain fatal until the heavy gases were dislodged and the atmosphere of the neighborhood regained its normal conditions. But we are compelled to remind Dr. Winchell of what he probably knows better than any other man, that no seismic cruption of the magnitude that is required to fit the results could have taken place anywhere on the globe without being registered on the instruments at Washington, and in fact at every well regulated observatory in the country. We therefore turn from this well meant but somewhat strained explanation to the darkness and perplexity of doubt, and await with resignation, if not with hope, the developments which Nature has in store for us."

I found myself standing by my breakfast table reading this. I had risen unconsciously. My breakfast was unheeded. To sit still with this crushing innertainty was impossible. I found myself in a co

Milwaukee."

Held by a numbing sort of fascination I read these sentences over and over. Across Printing House Square, on another bulletin, in big black letters, I saw the line: "It baffles the world. Has annihilation set in?" There was something weird in this use of the pronoun IT. It seemed to be man's last effort in language to express a mystery that was specific and yet incomprehensible, and I found that, by the common consent of ignorance, men were referring to the phenomenon as IT. I looked at the strained, anxious faces of the mob and a great fear fell upon me. With it came an awful reproach. I would go instantly and redeem my word to Kate by securing passages to Europe. I had to fight my way by inches out of the stolld and trightened crowd to the steamship office on lower Broadway, and there I found another jam. The street was full of private carriages, and it was impossible to get anywhere near the entrance to the office. I saw a policeman who was on the outside of the press and who was walking up and down in a restless and unofficial manner. "What is the matter here!" I asked him. He looked me all over, as if he suspected that I had fallen out of the clouds. Then he said: "Tryin' to get tickets for Europe. Where d'you come from?" and then after a restless turn or two he added as he passed me: "But it ain't no use, cause there ain't steamships enough in the world."

Then it was, I think, that the whole terrible truth first lit my consciousness like the sudden upflaring of a bale fire. The inhabitants were

mos said "that it seemed to him that the atmosphere of the earth, influenced by some incomprehensible suction, was all rushing to an unseen vortex." It was not in any sense a disturbance of the atmosphere that we usually call a wind, but a steady, silent draught. And the spectacle of trees bent over and held all day by the pressure, but unfluttered and unrelieved by fluctuant variations, filled them with wonder and dread.

I got up very early on the morning of the 22th, for I had slept lightly and fitfully. To my surprise I found that almost everybody else was up. It made me realize as I had not done before the feverish tension of public expectation. The news, if news it can be called, was startling. Let me try and repeat it to you just as it was presented to my sense. The special train, upon which the eyes of the whole country were fixed had been heard from. It had gone west from Cheyenne and passed through to get a giass of brandy or any other alcoholic stimulent. There, among a number of people who were drinking. I saw, to my astonishment, an old friend, the President of a bank and a man of most exemplary habits. He was evidently somewhat under the influence of liquor, for he stood with his back to the bar, leaning against it, and his bands thrust deep into his pockets. When he saw me, he said, without changing his position: "Well, old fellow, I guess we are all done for this time." I do not remember that i made any reply. I swallowed the brandy and was about to rush from the place when he spoke to me again. "I saw you at the Cunard office," he said.

"Yea," I replied, "I want three passages. Can you get them for me?"

He smiled rather sardonically, and looked round at the other occupants of the place. "I'll give 8,000 for one," said he. "Why the European steamships have all pulled out into the stream for protection and have armed their crews. We might as well settle down to it. Take another drink."

So the selligence of a definite character obtained. Shoushes 180 miles west Expect to sinch shoushes 180 miles west Expect to see that the tway. They are going east with chattels. Wind from the east has the pressure without the violence of a gate. Party in good spirits.

Signs of wind increasing, road otherwise of gates.

Signs of the exodus decreasing. Country of the exodus decreasing country of the exodus decreasing. Country of the exodus decreasing country of the exodus decreasing. Country of the exodus decreasing country of the exodus decreasing country of the exodus decreasing. Country of the exodus decreasing country of the exodus decre

heeded. As I forced myself into heeded. As I forced myself into the room I saw and heard a venerable and majestic gentleman, evidently a clergyman, audressing those present in an impassioned manner. There were tears in his eyes and an awful sadness in his voice. "Men and brethren," he said, "it is appointed unto all men once to die. If it be appointed unto all men once to die. If it be appointed unto us who remain to die together, let us die like Christians who still retain our faith in eternal justice, and not like wild beasts that devour each other."

Is av that while they heard him those pres-

who remain to die together, let us die like Christians who still retain our faith in eternal justice, and not like wild beasts that devour each other."

I saw that while they heard him those present gave very little heed to bum, and were eagerly waiting to hear the next dispatch read. During the short time that I was there I heard the authorities were doing all they could to prevent the demoralization of the police department, but that a call upon one of the crack militia regiments had brought out 15 men to the armory. It was estimated that there were over a million strangers in town, fer all the roads had been pouring them in for three days, and the highways leading from the west were choked with people. The mob at Buffalo had taken possession of an express train and it had run for 200 miles black with people hanging to it, and then met with an accident. Stories of the wildest kind were reaching the Firth Avenue Hotel. A fire had broken out at the dry dock, and a drunken mob were looting the entire neighborhood and marching through Grand street, pillaging as they came. Finally a report came that the fatal east wind was blowing. And at this there was a general movement of those present as if the time were too short to waste in longer listening. I came up Lafayette place to Astor place with the intention of reaching the Fourth avenue. Both spaces were choked with people, and on Eighth street I saw a woman on the steps of a private residence, wildly calling on the mob, which pald no attention to her, to repent for the day of judgment was at hand. Her white hair was blown over her face and her arms were frantically gesticulating. Into the great hall of the Cooper Union a mass of religious people had flocked and a number of speakers were making addresses and offering up prayers. When I passed the woman who was exhorting the crowd, I had noticed the manner in which her hair, which was of soft, flossy white, streamed out straight in front of her, but it did not occur to me until I had reached the square in front of t with something of the same disregard of everybody but myself that I had seen in others, that
I fought my way to Twenty-first street, what
brutalities I committed need not be recounted.
That hour remains with me an acute and jangled memory of frenzy. I reached the steps of
Judge Brisbane's house torn and bleeding. The
terrible scenes were in my eyes, and the dreadful monotonous tumult of human desperation—
that vast sigh of doomed humanity, pierced
bere and there by the wails and shrieks of despair and the cries of innocence for help, was
in my ears. The celerity with which it had all
come on left no chance for cool reason. An invisible phantom was at the heels of the community and we were part of a mighty stampede. After fumbling for an instant at the
bell and pushing back several ghastly creatures
who were on the steps, I must have applied my
shoulder to the door and pushed it in. Some
one appeared to be resisting me on the other
side, but it gave way and I half fell into Judge
Brisbane's vestibule, an instant later we were
looking into each other's faces, I bloody and
soiled and ragged and wild with the frenzy of
fear and impatience, he pale as death, but resolute and helding an enormous bar over me.

"Quick," he said. "Help me fasten this
door!"

That sudden call of duty struck something

door!"
That sudden call of duty struck something

That sudden call of duty struck something habitual in me, and, without knowing exactly what I was doing, I found myself assisting him in barricading the door. The endeavor somewhat changed the current of my thoughts from the danger that was usseen to the danger that was atorming under sur windows. I must have muttered some kind of excuse for my conduct to the Judge, for he said: "No time for apologies or recriminations now. The house is full of my neighbors, who have come here for protection. Go upstairs and look after the women. The best and only thing we can do is to preserve a quiet place to die in and not be trampled to pieces. Are you armed!"
I dashed up the broad staircase and found the upper rooms occupied by women, some of whom, in morning attree hastily thrown on, were sitting around with their heads in their hands, while others were huddled at the windows staring with strained looks of terror at the crowds on the street. Walking up and down the room wringing his hands a middleaged man was giving expression to the most terrible irony and cowardice without reference to his listeners. "Yes," he said, "you taught us the accursed Nature worship; you called her our mother, and weahed us from our faith to believe in our executioner. Why don't you our mother, and weaned us from our faith to believe in our executioner. Why don't you explain her benignity now? Why don't you comfort us with the reign of law? We are about to be swallowed up in the pitiless maw of the material. Why don't your damnable sophistries triumph over the selfishness and brutality of man? What have you left to us except to curse God and die?"

of the material. Why don't your damnable sophistries triumph over the selfahness and brutality of man? What have you left to us except to curse God and die?"

I ran my eye over the huddled groups of frightened women. The one I sought was not there. I flew through the groaning figures on the stairway up to her chamber. I knocked loudly and called her by name passionately. Then I listened. I heard nothing but the dull sounds of the human tumult that came through the open casement and the sighing tones of the telegraph wires as the steady draft from the east swept through them. I shook the door, and then abjured her to come to me. Then in my madness I burst it in. She was on her knees at the bed, with her hands on her ears and her head buried in the bed clothes. I fell down on my knees beside her and put my arm around her. "Kate," I said, "we will die together. Look up, Love at least is eternal!" She was cold. I caught her head between my hands and turned her beautitul face toward me. My God, she was dead! Dead with her staring eyes full of terror and her beautiful mouth set in hard and ghastly lines. Then it was that I felt rise up within me for the first time the rebellious bitterness of the natural man. Need I tell you that at such moments man is little better than an animal save in his free agency that enables him to defy. I passed hours there moaning, cursing, bewailing. When at last the force of the pardxysm had expended itself, I shook my fist in the face of heaven with the obduracy of a Pagan Greek, and said, "Come on now, you envious Fates, and do your worst speedily, or I will be too quick for you?"

Judge Brisbane found me there, raving. "Do you know?" I asked.

"Yea," he answered, "and I am grateful. She is spared much that we must endure."

"And so," I said, "life, love and the vaunted future of the race end in mockery."

"It seems so," he replied. "But we cannot be sure. Come with me."

We ascended to the roof. The spectacle that greeted us was indescribable. The tops of all

"It seems so," he replied. "But we cannot be sure. Come with me."

We ascended to the roof. The spectacle that greeted us was indescribable. The tops of all the houses were black with people, who were staring mutely and with childish terror into the West. The steady, subdued organ tone of the rushing atmosphere could now be heard above all else. We stood there in silence a few moments, and then I said, "It's terrible. What do you suppose is taking place?"

"I suppose," replied the Judge, "that we are losing our atmosphere. Reeling it off, so to speak, slowly as we revolve. Our planet has entered some portion of the etherial space where the conditions are sucking us dry of our oxygen. As it recedes from the earth the water disappears, and we shall be left to revolve, like the moon, without air and without liquid, and consequently without life."

He said this medifatively, less as if he were answering my question than as if he were formulating his own fears.

He said this medifatively, less as if he were answering my question than as if he were formulating his own fears.

"Then," I remarked, "if this takes place gradually, the millions have got to struggle and writhe and fight together in suffocation. We can at least blow our brains out and cheat such a fate."

and writhe and fight together in suffocation. We can at least blow our brains out and cheat such a fate."

"I should hate," said the Judge, "to think that the man who was to marry Kate had not the bravery to face his destiny."

That was all that was said. We came down, and some ripples of intelligence reached us during the afternoon from one or two persons who made their way into the house. We learned that in the Irenzy of fear the populace were committing the most extraordinary excesses. The shore line of the Atlantic was crowded with people, many of whom plunged into the occan in the valu attempt to get away. The scenes in the city were too revolting to narrate, for a large class of the community released from all restraint of moral and civil law, were bent on securing all the law-less pleasures that force could command, during the few hours that were left to them. And the line was steadily coming east. Chicago was cut off at 12 o'clock. And at 4 intelligence had ceased coming from Buffalo. At this time the sound of the wind was like the roar of the sea. I had torn myself away from the window where I had been staring at the now packed and struggling masses of people, and had locked myself in the room with the dead body of Kate. There was a vial of oplum on her table that had been used for neuralgia. I swallowed it and sat down by the bedside. I know not how long I remained there. But a loud report as of a discharged cannon roused me. I remember staggering and panting in the dark, with a semi consciousness that the end had come, and I now know that report was occasioned by the bursting of the drums of my ears.

I remember nothing more. I have given you a plain statement of my experiences in that crisis, and I dare say they are uneventful enough by the side of the experiences of millions.

SPURGEON GOES HOME

England's Great Baptist Preacher Pleased With His Visit.

WHAT HE SAYS OF OUR CHURCHES.

Our Attractive Sunday Schools With Their Lively Sessions.

HIS PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. On the eve of my departure for England, at the request of the editor of this paper, I will give my views on various topics of religious and general interest, in regard to which inquiry has been made of me since my arrival in the United States.

At the outset, I would like to observe that I have always been pleased with Amer-ica. My reception here has been most generous and hearty. On my side of the water we are familiar with the phrase, "An English welcome;" henceforth I shall believe that the people of the States are entitled to lay stress on the heartiness of an American welcome, I have traveled, considerably during my brief stay, in the Eastern States, in the near West and in the far West (for to a foreigner there seem to be two localities at this point of the compass), and in the various families where I have stopped I have been treated with such kind-

ness, and have been received with such kind-ness, and have been received with so warm a welcome, that, for the time being, I lost the faculty of being homesick.

I have been particularly charmed with the beautiful scenery that I have seen.
Of course I have been to Niagara Falls, and of course I have been to Niagara Falls, and of course I cannot add anything to what has been said in the way of enthusiastic praise of that great natural wonder. Niagara is sui generis; it is proper that the Americans should be proud of this great feature of their country's natural beauty. But I have received equal pleasure from my visit to the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone National Park. I think they deserve a prominent place in the long catadeserve a prominent place in the long cata-logue of fine scenery of which your country

AMERICAN BAPTISTS.

I have found the Baptist Church here in a very successful condition; the people are full of enthusiasm and, among the various Protestant denominations, the Baptists are without doubt the most aggressive and enwithout doubt the most aggressive and enterprising in church work. The churches
in the United States are certainly much
better appointed than they are in England.
Our edifices cannot be compared in architectural beauty to yours. The interior of
the American Church is in striking contrast
to the London Baptist churches. You make
your buildings more comfortable, more
homelike, and in many cases more
luxurious. It is sometimes thought that
churches can be made too luxurious, but
I have seen no ground for criticism on I have seen no ground for criticism on that ground in what I have seen since I have been here. Your decorations are more lavish than ears; the cushioned pews and the car-peted aisles give a furnished and home-like appearance which is distinctly different from our churches. The best floor covering we would have would probably be lineleum we would have would probably be linoleum or cocoanut matting, never any bright-colored carpets. Our churchgoers, if they want carpet, are allowed, at their own ex-pense, to put a little strip in their pew. The electric bells which communicate from the pulpit to the sexton, telling him how to regulate the heat, the ventilation, etc., strike a toreign clergyman with surprise; this sys-tem must be a creat convenience to the

a foreign clergyman with surprise; this sys-tem must be a great convenience to the preacher, it is characteristically American. Your Sunday schools are much finer than ours. I do not think they are any larger, but your Sunday school rooms are bright, cheerful places, with carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls and well furnished and convenient seats. Some of your Sun-day school services would probably be con-sidered a little too lively for the English Baptists. I attended one Sunday school anniversary here where the children came upon the platform, sang hymns and gave scriptural recitations. We do not have anything of that kind in England on Sunday. We have an ordinary Sunday school service with preaching, the main feature of the service being the singing of the children. On the occasion referred to the platform was smothered in flowers. Such Sunday services may be considered profitable by my Baptist brethern in America, but, without making any criticism in recard to the matmaking any criticism in regard to the mat-ter, I would say that such a service would be more appropriate for a week day than Sunday.

RED TAPE IN CHARITY.

Some time since the methods of the Charity Organization Society of New York were the subject of discussion in the newspaper press. I have been asked to express my opinion in regard to those methods. I can only say that we have in London a similar only say that we have in London a similar society, and it does a great deal of good, but I think its work is crippled by too much or-ganization, too much "red tape." A man applies for charity and it takes so long to applies for charity and it takes so long to investigate the case that by the time the agent reports favorably on the matter, the man is often past the need of help. And yet, I think the organization prevents a great deal of indiscriminate giving. It looks into some cases and proves that the applicant is an impostor. How to strike the average amount of merit, as exhibited by the applicants to this society, is a difficult thing to do. This society halps some cult thing to do. This society helps some cases, but it makes a "jolly fuss" about what it does give, and there is too much machinery in its methods of affording relief. chinery in its methods of affording relief.

There is one great abuse we have in England which you do not have in your country; I allude to what we term "canvassing for votes." Nearly every charitable institution in England supported by private enterprises receives its money from annual subscribers who give what they see fit. Each pound they give entitles them to one vote on the admission of a candidate to the institution. When a person wants to have some one admitted to the institution where he knows a subscriber, he will go among the other subscribers and "canvass for votes" in order to secure enough votes to warrant the other subscribers and "canvass for votes" in order to secure enough votes to warrant the admission of the candidate. This is often a difficult, sometimes an impossible, thing to do for persons without means or influence. A poor person may unsuccessfully apply for admission year after year. I have in mind now the case of a party who made six or seven applications year after year, only being able to secure 500 votes when 1,500 were necessary. Under this system it is not the most necessitous that gets the benefit of the institution; it is the one who has the most influence and money. This method prevails in nearly all the philanthropic institutions in England, except, I am happy to say, in the Spurgeon Orphanage, where the applicants are received solely on account of their deserts.

VOTES MEAN MONEY. Great as this abuse is, there has been no organized effort to reform it, for the reason that most institutions find it would not be to their interest to do so. So many votes mean so many pounds to the institutions, and the institution is not supposed to know anything about this tramping around town and begging for votes to secure a candidate's admission. A vote means to the institution an additional subscriber. A man who gives his £50 or £100 becomes a life governor, with power to elect one applicant each year. Of course this system of giving is entirely foreign to the idea of Christian charity; it leads the givers to be ostentatious, while the leads the givers to be estentations, while the main idea of the society is the state of its prosperity; that is all the societies think about.

In regard to the Church of England, I would say that, within its fold, there are three parties—the Bitualistic, the Broad Church and the Evangelical. I think that the Evangelical party is constantly gaining ground. Through that division of the Church of England I think disestablishment is more sure to come than in any other way. That branch, in their efforts to get hold of the people, are more and more adopting non-centormist practices and making

their services, as we term it, Evangelistic.

The Ritualists are still quite active, but I do not know how much they are doing Some of their practices have been so flagrant that many people have discountenanced the Ritualists. They will compass see and land to make a proselyte. Their great strength is among the very rich and the very poor. It has been claimed that the poor are attracted by the ornate services in their churches. I do not think the poor care a button for the character of the services: their churches. I do not think the poor care a button for the character of the services; with them it is "bread and blankets." If the church people will give them bread, clothes and blankets, the poor don't care whether the service is plain or full forms. If I went among the poor and distributed alms very freely my missions would be crowded to the doors. A great deal of the ritualistic church work is done under the garb of charity. The poor great deal of the ritualistic church work is done under the garb of charity. The poor should be reached and helped but not in this way. For some time the Ritualists have wanted a different court than the one in existence for the determination of rein existence for the determination of re-ligious questions. At present disputes arising from the church go to the courts of law. The Ritualists lately proposed the establishment of two final courts of equal numbers, one of bishops and one of judges. It both courts agreed on a question, their decision governed. If they tailed to agree, the decision of the court below, necessarily a church court, would stand. That would in effect have taken all control of doctrine away from the State. This scheme failed to pass and the English court of religious appeal remains as it was.

SPURGEON'S PHILANTHROPY.

The Spurgeon philanthropic enterprises embrace the Preachers' College, which adjoins the church in Newington. The object of this college is to further prepare young men, who have already been engaged in preaching, for the ministry. The candidates come from workshops, offices and the farm. There is no charge for board or education; the students are questered in various farm. There is no charge for board or edu-cation; the students are quartered in various parts of the city in the families of members of the church. The college is supported by voluntary contributions; the sum contribu-ted is made to equal in pounds the date of the year—1888 pounds for the year 1888, 1889 pounds for this year, and so on. This peculiar custom has always been ad-hered to, though exactly where and how it originated I cannot tell. When the sums fall short of the amount needed under this arrangement it is made up from this arrangement it is made up from the general collection. There have been 800 the general collection. There have been 800 graduates from the Preachers' College since it was organized and they can be found preaching in all parts of the world. Some have gone to be missionaries in Africa; they are scattered all over England and the English colonies, and there are several in the United States. One of the graduates, the Rev. Archibald G. Brown, is pastor of the London Tabernacle, the second largest Baptist church in London. Mrs. Spurgeon sends theological libraries to the poorer graduates, a work she began 12 years ago. graduates, a work she began 12 years ago.
The Spurgeon Orphanage contains 500 children; is supported by voluntary contributions, and its distinguishing feature, as I have already said, is that there is no "can-

assing for votes."

CHARLES SPURGEON.

A FOREST MONARCH PALLEN. '11/ The King of Trees Laid Low by the Pitliess Ax of the Woodsman.

Alta California, l On Friday last, the west bank of Austin creek, the ruthless woodman's az laid low one of nature's kingliest growths. For 1,000 years his vegetable majesty had lifted his proud head annually nearer the clouds and taken upon himself, month by month more and more of that colossal bulk which marks the true forest king. It measured 38 feet in girth 3 feet above the ground and was 310 feet high. It took two most accom-

plished axmen, with the best of modern tools, nearly a day and a quarter to cut it away to the point where its own vast weight caused it to topple to its fall.

With that wonderful skill which only with that wonderful skill which only long experience gives these veteran axmen, under the direction of Foreman Soper, laid the monster so exactly as to drive a stake previously set 200 feet from its base, on the bank of the creek. Even at that point the great tree was 20 feet around, and the upper 100 feet crashed down across the creek, swep down the telegraph line, snapped two telegraph poles short off and fell across the railway track of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. The fall shook the earth in a local earthquake felt half a mile off, sent up clouds of dust, completely obscuring the great trunk, and sent forth a report like heavy artilery.

Georgia's Anaplas at it Again. The grandfather of Mr. Walls, now living near Athens, Ga., never married till his 103d year. His wife is just 20. They live happily together. "It was no unusual sight," says the Athens Chronicle, "to see the old man, at the age of 130 plowing in the field. But he was taken sick when in his 138th year, and lived but a few months."

Powerful Goods.

Boston Herald.]
Young Swell-See here! This watch won't run. What do you suppose is the mat-Jeweler-Well. I should say the fault in in that vest you have on. The pattern is loud enough to stop a clock.

A Chenp Kind of Fun. omerville Journal.

A mean man can have a good deal o fun by yawning conspicuously in a wellfilled horse car, and the watching the involuntary yawn run down the car.



"Now, there's a curious bush. I'll jest get a snap shot at it with my camera."



EGYPTIAN GYMNASTS. THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

Physical Education Among the Sub- A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

iects of the Ancient Pharaohs.

POLO PLAYED ON HUMAN STEEDS.

of the Nile.

Pugilistic Ladies Who Fought on the Banks

GYMNASTICS EVOLVED FROM DANCES

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Great as the distance is from China to Egypt, and unknown as both nations were to each other, recent researches have established beyond the possibility of a doubt that the Egyptian culture was, excepting the Chinese, the oldest the world beheld. It is therefore, convenient and proper to study the gymnastics or rather calisthenics and sports of the ancient Egyptians in the same

As the Egyptian people were divided into

hereditary and well-defined castes, the priestcraft being the most learned and cultured, the soldier class next, education and learning was chiefly confined to them alone and not disseminated among the whole people. Medicine, or surgery rather, seems to have been comparatively advanced, numerous ingenious instruments of copper and bronze, preserved in collections and museums bearing evidence thereto. Specialism was the order of the time for everything, eyes, ears, teeth, chest, stomach, etc. A medical code existed containing rules and regulations for all known diseases, and if the physicians of the Pharaoh's kept within this standard of precents the recovwithin this standard of precepts, the recov-ery or death of a patient was beyond the ac-countability of the medicus. Consequently less reason existed for the animation of an Egyptian physician's ambition than for that of his Chinese colleagues, who never received fees, excepting their patients enjoyed perfection of health, the fees being promptly stopped when illness made its approximate.

No records are traceable indicating the use of gymnastics by the Egyptians as a means of preserving health or educating the young. Although being a practical people and likewise of much warlike spirit, they were far behind other nations in that respect. Herodotus, who has much to relate about them, mentions nothing certain about gymnastics among the people on the Nile. Diodorus Siculus alleges that wrestling was diligently exercised in by the Egyptians, but that this practice was held in no high esteem, because the strength thereby acquired was of no long endurance. Barthelemy denies that any gymnastics proper were known in Egypt. BALL GAMES IN EGYPT.

Fortunately many illustrations exist throwing light upon the subject. In Rosellini's illustrated history of Egypt and Nubia a great number of pictures and figures, copied from monuments, tombs and relics, depict explicitly various modes and managed dance suppositions and stability. ners of dance, gymnastic and athleticex-

ercises.

Ball playing was seemingly a pastime if not a profession, but our modern lithe-limbed, nimble-footed and hard-fisted clubs of nine would have felt sad and weary at the sight of the Egyptians' game. No batting, little running, no sliding for bases and no recording angel of the journalistic profession or snapshot photographer to immortalize their doughty deeds on the diamond to the eternal gratification of their country-

It was a slow game, this of the ancient It was a slow game, this of the ancient subjects of the Pharachs, and resembled polo, inasmuch as the players were mounted, not on horses, but on each others backs. Although fashion is sometimes queer and capricious, it is hardly probable that the present baseball rules will ever become so perverted in the twilight of the nineteenth century as to compel a sovereign citizen to make a beast of burden of himself. When scrutinizing this Egyptian hall game illustration without the Egyptian ball game illustration without the insight of a profound Oriental scholar, one is led to admit that those on top, the real players and handlers of the game, strikingly resemble female figures indeed. They look much more ladylike and graceful from their much more ladylike and graceful from their elevated positions. Perhaps the Egyptian Indies were less punctilious in those days than their modern, much-veiled and be-shrouded sisters, and being fond of the pre-vailing pastime, but, lacking wind and muscle, conveniently accepted their faithful swains and cavaliers as substitutes for locoswains and cavaliers as substitutes for loco-motion. Considering these distressing cir-cumstances, it is little to wonder at that the game of beseball did not attain a high state of development among the ancient Egyp-

isns. Various illustrations represent modes of wrestling in a rude and obscure fashion, from which little can be learned about this from which little can be learned about this practice. One feature of it appears to have been the lifting and handling of passive participators in the sport keeping their bodies in perfect rigidity, which in certain positions is a somewhat difficult matter, as every gymnast knows. Fencing with broadswords and shields is frequently depicted, the latter being narrow and strapped to the shield arm from the elbow to below the fingers. ingers.

PUGILISTIC WOMEN.

The eminent Egyptologist, Roselldini, in his work previously referred to, depicts only one representation where the inference can be drawn that the ancient Egyptians were devoted to the fistic art. The positions of the figures indicate unmistakably a pugilisthe ingures indicate unmistaked y a pigilistic encounter, but it is painful to observe that likewise here the principals were of the female sex. It is, therefore, with some hesitation that we declare it an exposition of bona fide pugilism. Perhaps the ladies represented, inflating from some temporary domestic uffering from some temporary domestic nisunderstanding, were simply settling natters between themselves in a somewhat

Sullivanic style.
Illustrations of archers and archery were Illustrations of archers and archery were not uncommon, but whether they represented a pastime only or genuine exploits of battle, is equally hard to decide. Most of the illustrations previously described were discovered in tombs, places regarded by the ancient Egyptians with great reverence. Figures abound representing calisthenies and rhythmical motions, indicating that dances occupied a prominent part of honoring the dead and of other religious ceremonies. Dancing, in the more primitive and nies. Dancing, in the more primitive and popular form, usually excites ambition and competition. The evolution of dance into gymnastic and athletic pastime is easily

comprehended.

Unlike the Greeks, the ancient Egyptians had not acquired any conception of or higher sense for the beautiful. Not only their architecture, sculpture and painting, but also the subject at present claiming our attention, bear witness thereto. Their culture was confined within limited castes and did nowhere penetrate into the masses. It is not without a touch of saduess the student glances at the historical life of this It is not without a touch of sadness the student glances at the historical life of this people, with its great endeavors in a certain respect, but without corresponding results. It is melanchol to behold such a vastness of work petrified, as it were, its menuments only destined to testify before the world to the futility of power and despotism. Still our thoughts would fain linger with this mighty remnant from ages long passed by. rom ages long passed by.

AXEL C. HALLBECK.

GREAT SNAKE KILLING. One Man Kills Six Rattlers, But Another

from the Sierra City Tribune. Mike Payton declares that he is the boss nake killer. He killed six rattlesnakes a week ago in going from the Margurite mine to the Northern Belle. One of them measured & feet and 10 inches. He says that Keystone Bavine is chuck full of

Shoots Eighteen at Ouce.

Home Cracking. Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

707-CHARADE Our one and two are two fine boys

As ever you would care to see, As full of life, as full of noise As all such boys are ant to be. Of foreign lands they love to read,

The curious things that there are done. To what is strange they give most heed, Last week they read of the sedan chair

In which the gentry ride out, there, By two strong coolies, borne between So they have rigged a total up, And round about the house they go,

In Cevion, vet so often seen.

And round absenger,
A-seeking for a passenger,
Hard work to make them take a no. The cat and dog get many a ride;
Their little sister likes it well;
But older folks have not yet tried
How they would like it; cannot tell,
M. C. WOODFORD.

708-HOUR-GLASS. 1. With knowledge of one's own mental openations, or actions, or self. 2 Instrumental, & Cleanest. 4 Severe. & An epoch. & A letter. 7. A nook or corner. 8. A mountain celebrated in biblical history. 9. Recently arrived. [riare.] 10. Surpassed in the offer of a price. 11. Resistance. tance.
Diagonals—Left to right down, accordant in

on. Left togright up. in a co

rais down, a messenger between two par-709-DECAPITATION. You'll find me on the field of battle. Where cannons roar and small arms rattle Where carnage holds its direful revel.

And deeds of men seem only evil.

Amid this scene so dire and dread,
Let me be slain—cut off my head.

But think you now I'm really dead?

I am transformed, no longer bad,
I'm something jovial now and glad,
And have my place where mirth and joy
And frolic mix without alloy.

Thus the decaptization hand And frolic mix without and Thus the decapitating hand May sometimes wield a magic wand. NELSONIAN.

Graceful and stately the WHOLK in her pride, Floats on the water her nestlings beside; Out of their element, like many another, Awkward and clumsy are nestlings and Graceful and swift as the flight of a bird, Dashes the LAST. He's king of the herd. But the hunter has smitten the pride of the

710-CURTAILMENT.

plain,
And spite of his beauty and strength he is
TRANEA. 711-BOTANICAL TRELLIS.

1. To characterize. 2. Foolish. 3. A kind of cherry. 4. Turkish inns. 5. A species of willow. 6. An Alderman. (Eng.) 7. Chapped. 8. A leguminous plant. 8. Want of tone. (Med.) 10. Wagons. 11. Bunches. A siender, climbing plant twines upon the three inner posts.

RAINBOW. 712-DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "disharmony;"
In "grand jubilee;"
In much "wickedness;
In long, "thick black" tress. An inconsistency of words An inconsistency of words
There seems in one and two;
They are as different sorts of birds
As ever swam or flew.
First is a fowl, quite often tame,
Last is a wild, flerce bird;
Join, and they form one fond of game,
Fish and small birds, I've beard.
BITTER SWEET.

713-TRANSPOSITION. Language clothed in first, if terse, Often is replete with meaning: Then, again, it may disperse Truths which we would fain be gleaning.

It may second sound and sense,
It may third as wisdom's teacher,
Or it may make vain pretense
Like a wordy, brainless preacher.

A. L.

714-CONUNDRUM. Without provocation spoiled Caroline struck her friend, Daisy. Said a young yachtsman to his lady friend: "In what particular is that ill-tempered child like me?" And quickly she responded: "Because she is

"Because she is — — — And he said: "You are a daisy." CARL GREY. 715-RIDDLE. Take a large part of Europe,
And then perambulate,
And then perambulate,
Now if you have attention paid
You'll see the truth, as here 1 state,
A whole is where our first is made.
D. A. H.

ANSWERS. 699-"Coming events cast their shadows h

700-Mosquitoes.
701-Bran-died.
701-Bran-died.
702-The ace of spades was the twenty-se
702-The ace of spades, and is the only
in the original pack, and is the only
the requirements of card in the original pack, and is the only card which fulfills all the requirements of the puzzle. Its position in the three successive distributions is shown below: First pack

(ace of spades) First Pack. (ace of spades)

706-1. C-row-d. 2 B-rough-t, 3. J-ai-L

Likely to Get Full. Wife-Is the moon full to-night. Husband (looking out)-No. From its hape, though, I should say it was on a

Best He Could Afford.



Old Gentleman-Little boy, I am grieved